

THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE.

By JOHN E. HELMS.

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HOLSTON CONFERENCE.

Appointments of Preachers.

Wynethville District—B W Bishop, P E.

Wynethville station, W L Richardson.

" circuit, H F Nichols.

Marion station, J L M French.

" circuit, Geo Stewart.

Neighboring circuit, J T Frazier.

Central circuit, S S Catron.

Jacksonville mission, J S Bourn.

Hillsville mission, J A Sronce, R A Kel-

ley, sup.

Fancy Gap mission, to be supplied by C

B Lefler.

Elk Creek circuit, C K Miller. One to

be supplied.

Independence circuit, G W Summers,

T T Salyer, sup.

Jefferson circuit, James Mahoney.

Leadingsville, J H Kennedy. One to

be supplied.

Spain station, to be supplied by J M

Roman.

Mt. Airy circuit, W D Akers.

Jeffersonville District—W H Price, P E.

Jeffersonville station, W Smith.

Liberty Hill circuit, W D Mitchell.

Salisbury circuit, G A Frazier.

Sharon Springs circuit, G W K Geen.

Section circuit, J E Naff.

Starksboro circuit, S R Wheeler.

Parisburg circuit, M S Watts.

Princeton " P S Sutton.

Concord " C S Wiggins.

East Tazewell circuit, D H Carr.

Buchanan mission, to be supplied by A E

Wagner.

McDonnell mission, to be supplied by T

Quillman.

Blountsboro and Flat Top mission, to be

supplied by J W Bennett.

Peachblows mission, to be supplied by W

H Kelley.

Clear Fork circuit, to be supplied by J A

Smith.

Almond District—F Richardson, P E.

Almond station, W H Leith.

Almond circuit, J W Bowman.

Shorey circuit, A J Frazier, T F Smith, sup.

Bristol circuit, H W Bays.

Bristol city mission, E H Hess.

Bristol circuit, W M Bellamy.

Mendenhall circuit, to be supplied by F F

Repass.

Lebanon circuit, G A Maiden.

Elk Garden circuit, W H Hicks.

Dickinsonville circuit, D V Price.

Clinton mission, to be supplied by

William Hillman.

Gladesville circuit, D H Coman, H P

Bailey.

Bedford circuit, J C Runyan.

Nicholsville circuit, to be supplied by

J W Bell.

Emory & Henry College, D Sullins,

President; E E Hess, Vice President;

R N Price, J A Davis, professors.

Martha Washington College, E E

Wiley, President.

Sullins College, D S Heaton, Pres.

Sunday School Editor, W G E Cun-

nyingham.

Turkey Cove Academy, H P Bailey.

D W Carter, Missionary to Mexico.

Jacksonville District—L E Carlock, P E

Johnson and Johnson City station W

C Carden.

Johnson circuit, John Boring.

Union circuit, J R Cunningham.

Blountville circuit, T F Glenn.

Kingsport circuit, R E Smith.

Jagersville circuit, J S Walker.

Greenville circuit, J S W Neal.

Libertyville circuit, E W Moore.

THE GRAYE OF CLAY.

Lexington correspondent of Philadelphia Times.

Turning from the hospitable home

of the descendants of Clay, it is

most natural for the visitor to bend

his steps to the grave of the great

commoner. No direction is needed,

as it towers above town and forest

and guides the worshiper to the

shrine he seeks. On the northwest-

ern suburb of the town is Lexington

Cemetery, one of the most beau-

tiful resting places for the dead I

have ever visited. It is grandly and

beautifully shaded by forest trees,

variegated with evergreens and frag-

rant with flowers. The ground is

broken into abrupt undulations and

the little hillocks and sudden ravines

are all dotted with the records of

the dreamless sleepers of this lov-

ely city of the silent. Near the cen-

ter, on a gentle eminence, with a

large velvet lawn around it, are the

grave and monument of Henry Clay.

A broad base of Kentucky limestone,

twenty feet high, encloses the dust

of the beloved and lamented states-

man, and by his side is the partner

of his joys and sorrows, who surviv-

ed him a full decade. Facing the

sunny South is an open grating that

offers full view of the beautiful chis-

eled marble tombs which contain

the dust of the Clays. On the top

of the marble sarcophagus are the

simple words, HENRY CLAY, and on

the side, in letters so plain that the

passer by can read, is the following

utterance by Clay, shortly before his

death:

"I can with unshaken confidence

appeal to the Divine Architect for

the truth of the declaration that I

have been influenced by no impure

purpose, no personal motive, have

sought no personal aggrandizement,

but that in all my public acts I have

had a sole and single eye, and a

warm, devoted heart, directed and

dedicated to what, in my best judg-

ment, I believed to be the true in-

terests of my country."

On the large base is erected a

round column of white limestone,

nearly one hundred feet in height,

and on the pinnacle is the life-like

statue of Clay, facing the home his

name and love have made immor-

tal. With all his grandeur of char-

acter and attainments, his destiny

was dust to dust, the common lot

of all, and the heart and tongue

whose eloquence inspired the liber-

ty-loving people of every clime are

silenced forever, but his memory

and his teachings will endure while

the republic lives. After half a cen-

tury of distinction in both hemis-

pheres, and victories and defeats

which are alike immortal, the story

ends in the peaceful shades of Lex-

ington Cemetery, and records, after

all, only the brief but fruitful journey

from the cradle to the grave.

A. K. M.

A NEW ARCTIC RIVER.

THE DISCOVERY MADE IN ALASKA

TERRITORY.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 9.—Lieut-

enant Storey, who went upon the

last trip of the revenue cutter Cor-

win for the purpose of distributing

among the Tenukechee Indians of

Alaska, \$5,000 worth of presents

given them by the government in

recognition of the shelter and food

afforded the officers and crew of the

LADY CLANCARTY'S LOVE.

A THRILLING CHICAGO RETROTHAL

SCENE.

Chicago Tribune.

"Whoa! Carl Schurz!"

The eleventh Duke of Galway

leaped listlessly over the dashboard

of the street car as he spoke those

fearful words in an imperious tone

to the gallant palfray whose boy-

ant spirit had caused him to shy at

an old which a passing farmer, with

the inborn recklessness of his class

for money, had seen blown from his

wagon without even a muscle of his

face changing. It was a scene for

a poet or a policeman. To the west-

ward, his life, manly form sharply

outlined against the crimson rim of

the horizon, Pizarro McGinness,

Earl of Blue Island Avenue, leaned

listlessly against an ash-barrel and

as the street car rocked idly at its

moorings a cold, cynical smile hov-

ered like a lost week's pie around

his finely chiseled lips. Still the

horse car moved not, and Pizarro

was equally motionless. From over

the dashboard the Duke of Galway

cast a fierce, contemptuous glance

at the young man, but he heeded it

not. Carl Schurz clamped the bit

impatiently and ever and anon

stamped viciously at the earth with

his iron-shod hoof. Brought up on

all the luxuries of the season, includ-

ing a Kentucky pedigree, the noble

animal would not brook restraint and

once aroused, his passion was terri-

bly to behold.

At last the sound of a clear, girl-

ish voice broke the silence, and an

instant later the lady Constance

Clancarty, daughter of the proud

Duke, emerged from the castle.

Shouting with one wave of her hand

a large flock of grooms from the front

yard she walked in a stately fashion

to the gate beside which Pizarro was

standing. Then, for the first time,

she saw her father's street car, and

as her glance fell for an instant on

that piratical craft a shudder pass-

ed over her lissome form and into

her eyes there came a startled, fear-

ful look, like that which follows

the fawn regards the hunter or the

dry goods clerk a sales bill. But it

was too late to retreat, nor, indeed,

had any such idea entered the lady's

head. Walking up to Pizarro she

looked at him with a look that only

spoke of love, and before he could

tell which foot his corn was on was

walking with him in the direction

of the street car.

"Father," said she, stopping di-

rectly in front of the Duke, "I love

Pizarro McGinness and, God willing,

will one day be his bride. God will-

ing, will one day be his bride. God

would you say why this should

not be?"

"Divine an angel," was the reply,

"except that he is a man and my

joor."

In an instant the blood left the

face of Lady Constance and she

stood there as pallid as a marble

statue. "Pizarro is not a duke, father,"

she said, in a low, haggard voice.

"And why not?" queried the

Duke, in a sneering manner.

"Because," she answered, burst-

ing into a storm of sob, "he has in-

herited the family feck."

ANOTHER SUGAR SUCCESS.

The Sterling (Kansas) Gazette.

SIX YEARS ABSENT.

RETURN OF A COLORADO WOMAN TO

HER HUSBAND.

From the Denver Times.

A story that would form a basis

for one of Wilkie Collins' plots came

to light yesterday, the denouement

being of a highly satisfactory char-

acter to both parties concerned. Six

years ago a young machinist named

Harry Wilson, working in Pitts-

burg, was married, his wife being a

poor girl who had been his school-

mate and associate for years. The

pair commenced life under flatter-

ing circumstances, the husband be-

ing a skillful and industrious me-

chanic, and the wife a careful, frugal

housewife. Wilson had saved sev-

eral hundred dollars, with which

he purchased a neat little home in

the outskirts of the Smoky City,

and settled down to a life of domes-

tic happiness. They had been mar-

ried about a year when the discov-

ery of Leadville's riches created a

demand for chemists in this State,

and having received a flattering of-

fer, young Wilson came out here.

His wife was about to be confined,

and so, selling his property, he es-

tablished her in comfortable lodg-

ings, and depositing all of his money

for her credit, except just enough to

bring him to Colorado, left for the

West. She was to follow him as

soon as she was able to travel. Some

two months or more afterward, Wil-

son, who was then at work in Lead-

ville, received a note announcing